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BY E. GILLIAM.



The sweet-scented woodbine may twine o'er my cot,
The rose and the lily may bloom near the spot,
Nature may lavish her beauties so rare,
But without our dear loved ones, it's desolate there.

New friends we may find where e'er we may roam,
But none can replace the friends that are gone.

Home; not a home when the loved ones are gone,
Though with flowers bedecked, and by nightingale's song,
While 'round the heart clusters the thoughts of the past,
On the scenes of our youth, and the friends that are lost.

New friends we may find where e'er we may roam,
But none can replace the friends that are gone.

When we think of the friends that were dear to the heart,
The loved of the long, long ago;
It makes a flood-tide of memories start
From their depths in their ocean below.

New friends we may find where e'er we may roam,
But none can replace the friends that are gone.

We may live in a palace, or dwell in a cot;
Without our dear loved ones, content we are not.
Throughout this fair earth, where e'er we may be,
There's no place so dear as my home unto me.

New friends we may find where e'er we may roam,
But none can replace the friends that are gone.



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